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The Butlers

A Play in Two Acts

By

FRANCES A. F. SALTONSTALL

*Author of "A Dangerous Experiment,"
and other plays*

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BOSTON

WALTER H. BAKER COMPANY

1922

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The Butlers

CHARACTERS

(In order of appearance)

MRS. HIRAM BAXTER, *the motherly wife of Hiram Baxter.*

ELIZA, *Mrs. Baxter's elderly "hired girl."*

MR. HIRAM BAXTER, *a storekeeper at Appleby, N. H.*

SALLY BAXTER, *the pretty daughter; in love with Arthur.*

SAMMY BAXTER

MARY ANNE BAXTER } *small children.*

LORD ARTHUR BUTLER, *an unaffected Englishman, young and handsome. In love with Sally.*

BOGGS, *the elderly English butler to take care of Lord Arthur.*

JENNIE BAXTER, *Sally's sister; friend of Lord Arthur.*

SCENE.—Appleby, New Hampshire.

TIME.—The winter of 1919.



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The Butlers

ACT I

SCENE.—MRS. BAXTER'S sitting and dining room, Appleby, New Hampshire. It is twelve o'clock, noon, and it is snowing outside. The room is furnished with simple comfort. Dining table at R. of stage, covered with red cloth, over which is a white one. There is a door into kitchen at back of stage, one into hall at L. of stage. Window at R. side of back of stage, another on L. side of stage. A yellow oak dresser stands against wall at back of stage. Sheet iron stove at R. near door into hall. There are the usual things, such as lamps and pictures, on a shelf on wall over dresser. A row of geraniums stands on the window shelf. Oil cloth on shelf or mantel over dresser. Mirror on wall beside window at R. of stage. One rocking-chair toward front of stage near stove. Low rocker by work table near window at R. of back. Chairs around the table, and others against the wall.

(MRS. BAXTER is seated beside her work table by the window when the curtain goes up.)

MRS. BAXTER (*humming softly to herself as she holds up a black taffeta dress she is working on*). What are we having for dinner, Eliza?

(*Continues her humming. Her cheerfulness is particularly aggravating to the busy serving woman.*)

ELIZA (*busying herself around the table, and speaking in a nasal voice with great irritation*). Corn beef and cab-

bage, same as we've always had every Wednesday for the last twenty-five years.

(Proceeds to slam the castor on the table.)

MRS. BAXTER (*much amused by ELIZA'S mood*). Why, of course I might have known, but you see I forgot it was Wednesday.

(Rises from her chair and stands smoothing her dress.)

ELIZA (*reaching for a glass dish of apples which stands on the dresser*). You're gettin' dredful forgetful as you grow older, Miss Baxter.

MRS. BAXTER (*smiling pleasantly*). I reckon I am, Eliza, but what does it matter so long as I have you to remember for me?

ELIZA (*pushing the chairs up to the dining table energetically*). Mebbe I won't always be here to remember things for you; I ain't so young as I onct was. (*Looks about the room.*) Mr. Baxter ain't come in yit, has he, nor the children neither? (*Looks up at clock.*) and it's long past twelve o'clock,—Sally's late too.

(Stoops to pick up some of MRS. BAXTER'S things which have fallen to the floor.)

MRS. BAXTER (*refusing to be depressed by ELIZA'S pessimistic manner*). They'll be here presently, Eliza, don't worry. (*Walks over to the window.*) Why, it's snowing.

ELIZA (*with increasing irritation*). It's bin snowin' this two hour and more. Guess likely you was too busy with your dressmakin' to notice the weather. (*Stands back and looks at the table with approval.*) It's real provokin', that no one's ever on time to meals in this house.

MRS. BAXTER (*straining her neck to look down the street*). There he is now, turning the corner by Miss Simpkins' house. (*Waves her handkerchief to him.*) He'll be here in a minute now; you can put dinner right on the table, so we won't have to wait for it.

(Walks toward the door to meet MR. BAXTER.)

ELIZA *(standing with her hands on her hips and watching MRS. BAXTER'S pleasure in anticipation of her husband's arrival)*. No danger of dinner not bein' ready.

(Goes from the room, slamming the door behind her.)

MRS. BAXTER *(opening the door for MR. BAXTER, who comes in covered with snow. He walks over to the sheet iron stove, and shakes his coat on the piece of zinc under it. MRS. BAXTER kisses him as if they had not met in years, hovering around him as he takes off his wet garments, hanging them around the stove to dry)*. Well, Hiram, here you are; it's kinda wet out, isn't it?

(Buzzes around him like a bee around honey.)

MR. BAXTER *(he is tall and thin, and his voice high pitched. He stands near the stove warming his long thin hands)*. It's snowing something dredful out. 'Peers like we was goin' to have sleighin'—sorry to be late for dinner ——— *(Kisses her, patting her shoulder tenderly.)*

MRS. BAXTER *(looking at ELIZA, who comes in at the moment, then straightens MR. BAXTER'S necktie)*. That don't matter, Hiram; I'm so glad to see you, seems good to have some one cheerful in the house—*(Looks toward the direction in which ELIZA has disappeared again.)* Eliza's in one of her sulks to-day; she gets more fretful every year.

MR. BAXTER *(removing his arctics and putting them under the stove, looks up at his wife)*. Eliza, like most conscientious women, is a bit irritable now and then.

MRS. BAXTER *(brushing up some snow which is on the zinc)*. Sometimes I think I'd rather do all my own work than have that bad-tempered old woman do it for me.

(Puts the snow in the stove.)

MR. BAXTER *(putting his hands on MRS. BAXTER'S shoulders and looking down at her)*. That's what you've said for twenty years, Sophy Baxter, but you could no more live without Eliza than I could without you.

(*Kisses her.*) Why, that woman is like one of our family.

MRS. BAXTER (*hanging up her dress in a closet*). Not in disposition, I hope. (*Turns back.*) How's trade at the store, Hiram?

MR. BAXTER (*his back to the stove*). Pretty good considerin'. (*Suddenly puts his hand in his pocket, draws out a letter which he holds out to his wife.*) Here's something you'll be glad to get.

MRS. BAXTER (*clutches it eagerly*). Why, it's from Jen — (*Turns to MR. BAXTER.*) How long have you bin carryin' this in your pocket, Hiram?

(*Takes her glasses and walks over to the rocking-chair by the window.*)

MR. BAXTER. Oh, not so very long. (*Sees MRS. BAXTER is absorbed in the letter.*) Guess I'll wash up a bit, and fetch some wood for the stove.

(*Goes out. ELIZA enters. MRS. BAXTER is too absorbed in her reading to notice the exit of one or the entrance of the other.*)

ELIZA (*looking first at MRS. BAXTER and then at the table*). 'Peers like no one was in much of a hurry for their dinner—the food's gettin' all cold.

MRS. BAXTER (*rises and walks over to a seat near the stove*). Leave the covers on, Eliza, Mr. Baxter'll be here in a minute; he's washing his hands in the kitchen.

(*Turns to her letter again.*)

ELIZA. So I seen when I stopped him from usin' the dish-pan 'sted of the wash dish. Mr. Baxter's gettin' to be dredful careless as he grows older.

(*Busies herself around the room.*)

MR. BAXTER (*returning to the room, takes a brush from the shelf and brushes his hair before the little mirror*). Looks like we were going to have a storm.

(Points in ELIZA'S direction.)

MRS. BAXTER (*oblivious to his remark*). Well, did you ever hear the beat of that?

(Drops letter in her lap.)

MR. BAXTER (*taking his seat at the table*). What's that girl of ourn bin up to now?

MRS. BAXTER (*eyeing ELIZA*). Oh, nothing much—only it kinda took my breath away for a minute.

(ELIZA goes out.)

MR. BAXTER (*taking covers off dishes*). You've lost that breath of yours a considerable number of times sence Jen tuk to gettin' educated down at Radcliffe.

MRS. BAXTER. Somehow Sally never thought up so many surprisin' things to do when she was there.

(*The door opens and SALLY enters. She is fair, slight, and smiling from her walk in the snow. She tosses a spool of silk into her mother's lap and proceeds to remove her hat and coat, which she hangs in the closet near by.*)

SALLY. There's your silk, Mother dear; I hope it matches; sorry to be so late, but Mr. Wilcox came in to see you, and I had to have a word with him. He's coming back after he's had his dinner at the Eagle House.

(SALLY is standing before the mirror smoothing her hair as she talks.)

MRS. BAXTER (*watching her pretty daughter with pride*). Jen's comin' home for my birthday; isn't that fine?

MR. BAXTER (*tucking his napkin under his chin*). And Dandy! Is that what took your breath away, Sophy?

MRS. BAXTER. No indeed! She's sendin' a man up here to board with us——

SALLY (*filled with interest*). What kind of a man?

MRS. BAXTER (*referring to the letter*). She calls him a Lord—(SALLY and MR. BAXTER *jump*.) something—

(*Tries to make out what the letter says.*)

MR. BAXTER. Lordy Massy!

MRS. BAXTER (*coming to her seat at the table; her mind on her letter*). No, not Massy, that wasn't the name. Dear me, Jen does write so badly. I can't make out what she wants to say.

SALLY (*offering to take the letter*). Let me see if I can make it out.

MRS. BAXTER (*testily*). I guess likely I can read as well as you can—now I have it. (*Reads from letter.*) “Lord Arthur is a very charming man, one whom you all will take to. He is my room-mate's cousin, and she is quite worried about his health. His nerves are broken down as an effect of our late war, and he can neither eat nor sleep. Mildred thinks a rest in the country would do him a world of good, and has asked me if I thought you would take him to board until he finds some other place to stay in, in Appleby.” (*Drops letter in her lap.*) What on earth would we do with a boarder? Can you picture an English Lord a-settin' in this room, Hiram?

MR. BAXTER (*helping himself generously to corned beef and cabbage, which he eats heartily*). Maybe he ain't so different from other white folks, and so long as he speaks the same language we do, I guess likely we can understand what he says, and if Jen ain't ashamed of her home, I don't know as we've any reason to be.

MRS. BAXTER (*taking up the letter again*). Listen to this. (*Reads.*) Arthur is accustomed to having things done for him, so I'm sending up an English butler—(*Stops short.*) What is a butler, Hiram?

MR. BAXTER. I dunno; read on, maybe she'll tell us.

SALLY (*almost in her mother's lap, she is so excited*). Yes, do, Mother. I'm crazy to know.

MRS. BAXTER (*reading on*). “You know a butler is a man who does the table work, and presses clothes. I engaged this one at an employment office in Boston this morning. He seems to be a very nice respectable person,

who says he understands his business perfectly, though he tells me he has been out of a job for some months."

MR. BAXTER. I guess he drinks, most likely, and can't keep one.

SALLY. Please let Mother read, and don't interrupt her, it is so interesting.

MRS. BAXTER (*reading*). "I don't think he will make any trouble for Eliza; his recommendations say he is painstaking and willing to please. Don't hesitate to keep him busy; he is especially handy about the table, and will have time to do many things besides caring for Arthur's clothes." (*Drops letter.*) There, that's the second time Jen's called that Lord by his Christian name.

MR. BAXTER (*helping Sally*). Well, you wouldn't expect her to be calling him Lord all the time; it sounds so silly.

SALLY. Jennie probably knows him very well.

(*Sighs with envy.*)

MRS. BAXTER. That don't always follow, young folks are freer with each other these days—but let me finish what Jennie says in the letter. (*Reads again.*) "Be sure you keep the butler in his proper place. He is not accustomed to living in homes like ours, and he would not expect to be made one of the family."

SALLY. How is one to know what his place is?

MR. BAXTER (*offering MRS. BAXTER some meat*). He'll tell us mos' likely; if I know anything about Englishmen.

SALLY. Oh, do finish the letter, Mother; it is the most exciting news that ever came into our house.

MRS. BAXTER (*having refused food*). "I have told the butler to take the express train next Tuesday. It arrives ahead of the accommodation which Lord Arthur is taking, as it stops at Cambridge, where he is living at present. This is an excellent plan, as the man servant will then be on hand when Arthur arrives. If for any reason it is inconvenient for you to have them, wire at once. By the way, Lord Arthur objects to being called by his title; he says that since the war Englishmen are

making names for themselves. And above all, do not ask him too many questions about himself. I hope you are having sleighing in Appleby, as Arthur is especially fond of sleighing." (MRS. BAXTER *folds the letter carefully, taking it over to her little writing desk in the corner of the combination sitting and dining room.*) Well, I don't see but what she has everything arranged.

MR. BAXTER (*resting his knife and fork on end on the table, throws back his head and laughs*). Pity Jen warn't a boy; she'd 'a' bin a great help to me in the store.

SALLY. Don't you suppose women can plan as well as men, Father?

MR. BAXTER (*chuckling*). I'd a right to, after living with your mother these twenty-six years. Jen ain't left much for us to do, has she?

MRS. BAXTER (*neatly arranging her napkin*). But to look after this poor broken down old soldier.

SALLY (*much disappointed*). What makes you think he's old, Mother?

MRS. BAXTER. He must be to need so much done for him. I hope we can make him comfortable. What do you suppose the neighbors will say when they hear we've got a boarder?

SALLY. Who's to know he isn't a visitor—unless we tell them?

MRS. BAXTER (*helping herself to a small portion of meat and potato*). I shall have to tell Elvire Simpkins; she's sure to suspect.

SALLY. Then you might just as well put it in the *Appleby Record*.

MRS. BAXTER. At least I can say who he is. And when I tell Elvire he's a Lord, I guess she'll open her eyes.

MR. BAXTER. And that codfish mouth of hers I reckon —

(*A sound of voices as the outside door opens, and two children bound into the room, followed by ELIZA. One is SAMMY, a child of twelve; the other MARY ANNE, a girl of ten. The boy is alert, but she is slower in every way, and has a delightful lisp.*)

ELIZA. Sammy Baxter, your feet is soakin'; go and put your shoes to dry under the kitchen stove.

(*Children remove their outside clothing with ELIZA'S assistance.*)

MRS. BAXTER (*sweetly*). Children, why can't you remember to wear arctics when it's snowing?

MARY ANNE (*warming her hands*). It warn't thowin' when we went to school thith morning, Ma.

MRS. BAXTER (*courageously*). I've a bit of news for you.

ELIZA (*hovering over the children*). I'll warrant it's bad.

SALLY. Quite to the contrary, it's very pleasant.

MRS. BAXTER. Jennie is sending a friend of hers up here to board with us for a while. A gentleman in poor health.

ELIZA (*unsympathetically*). Hope he won't die on our hands.

SAMMY (*alive to any news*). Is a fellar coming to live here—in this house? Who is he?

MR. BAXTER (*impressively*). He's English, Sammy.

SAMMY. I didn't suppose he was a Dago.

SALLY (*with great importance*). He's a Lord, Sammy.

ELIZA (*forgetting to feign indifference*). What in the world is that, I'd like to know?

MRS. BAXTER (*with forced dignity*). Wait and see when he gets here, Eliza.

MARY ANNE (*removing her shoes*). What will he do all day?

MR. BAXTER. Nothing, mos' likely.

MRS. BAXTER. What troubles me is how we are going to amuse him.

SAMMY. Trust Sally to do that. I never saw the fellar she couldn't keep moving to take care of her.

(*SALLY looks daggers at him.*)

SALLY. Mind your own business, Sammy Baxter, and go and take off your shoes, as Eliza told you to—and

you'd better wash your hands thoroughly at the same time.

ELIZA (*taking each child by the hand*). Come, Mary Anne Baxter, your face needs a good scrubbing, and I'll slick up your hair too. My! but curly hair is always untidy.

SALLY (*watches their exit*). Seems to me Jennie took a good deal for granted when she planned to send an invalid up to stay with us.

MRS. BAXTER (*her serenity restored*). I like to have her feel she can bring her friends with her, but somehow it's different sendin' us a perfect stranger all by himself.

MR. BAXTER (*twinkle in his eye*). You seem to forget the nurse she's sendin' with him.

MRS. BAXTER. Oh, no, I don't. I think he'll be more trouble than looking after the Lord ourselves. This gettin' educated makes girls do dreadful queer things, Hiram. Why, at Jen's age —

MR. BAXTER. You were too busy takin' care of children to be interested in broken down Englishmen. (*He rises and goes over to pat MRS. BAXTER on the shoulder.*) I think I like the old-fashioned women best, Sophy. Sally, your mother's been the best wife a man ever had.

(*Returns to his seat.*)

SALLY. And I'm sure Mother thinks you are the best husband a woman ever had, and when I find a man as good as you are, I'll marry him, whether he asks me to or not.

SAMMY (*returning with dripping hair*). You bet she will.

SALLY. Don't be so fresh, Sammy; no one asked your opinion.

MARY ANNE (*meekly taking her seat, her back to the audience, beside SAMMY*). Thammy needn't talk. Heth sthruke on Thusie Thimkins himself. I thaw him givin' her a strip of gum at retheth two dayth runnin'.

SAMMY (*kicking her under the table*). And what were you doin', I'd like to know?

SALLY (*glad to get even with SAMMY*). Sharing her apple with Freddie Walker most likely.

MARY ANNE (*guiltily*). How did you know I wath, Thally? (*Starting to cry.*)

SALLY (*beginning to eat*). Oh, I just guessed it.

MRS. BAXTER (*comforting the oppressed*). Never mind, Mary Anne; Sally was only joking, dear. I wonder when Jennie's letter was written. (*Goes to get letter and looks at date.*) The eleventh. What is to-day?

MARY ANNE. Ith the theventeenth. I wrote it on my compothition this morning.

MRS. BAXTER (*looking at her husband, who is busily helping himself to pie*). Hiram Baxter, you've bin carryin' this letter in your pocket most a week.

MR. BAXTER (*guiltily*). Just about, Sophy.

MRS. BAXTER. Goodness gracious sakes alive, this is the very day they were to come. (*Looks up at the clock.*) They'll be here any minute, leastwhiles one of 'em will, and I haven't even aired their rooms for 'em.

ELIZA (*stopping the process of raising the knife she is eating with to her mouth*). Is there two Lords a-comin'?

MRS. BAXTER (*calmly and with an assurance she does not feel*). Only one Lord, Eliza; the other is a butler.

SAMMY (*his mouth full of food*). Gee, what's that, Ma?

SALLY (*with great superiority*). "A man who does housework. He also brushes and presses the Lord's clothes."

ELIZA (*looking over her glasses critically at SALLY*). Well, who ever heard the beat of that, to think of a man havin' his clothes brushed for him; he must be feeble.

MRS. BAXTER. The butler is also going to help you, Eliza. Company makes more work, you know.

ELIZA. I just guess I does know, but I don't want no man interferin' with my business. If I'd 'a' needed help I'd 'a' married Abijah Hammet forty year ago.

(*Grunts to herself.*)

MRS. BAXTER (*trying to soothe ELIZA's feelings*). We know how capable you are, Eliza, but Englishmen need a great deal done for them; and this one must be quite old.

He's tired and underfed, I expect. Think how he will enjoy your pies and doughnuts.

SALLY (*sadly*). I'm sorry he's so old.

ELIZA. I ain't; young folks is more restless. I prefers 'em middle aged.

SAMMY. Sally don't. Remember the rush she gave that fellar what came up here with Jen last Thanksgivin'.

MARY ANNE (*deliberately*). Thay "which" instead of "what came," Sammy.

SALLY. Much you know about grammar, Mary Anne Baxter; it's "who," not "which," or "what."

(SAMMY is delighted and proceeds to give MARY ANNE another kick under the table. A bell is heard to ring energetically, causing every one to jump with surprise.)

MRS. BAXTER. There's the butler.

ALL. What makes you think so?

MRS. BAXTER. Jennie said he was to get here before the Lord. Poor soul, he must have had to walk up from the station. You had a right to meet him yourself, Hiram, even if he is to be kept in his place. (*Bell rings again.*) Run, Eliza, and let him in; don't be too cordial. Remember, he does not expect to be treated like one of the family. (*ELIZA goes very deliberately.*)

MR. BAXTER (*helping himself to a toothpick*). I guess likely it will be hard to remember to keep him on his place.

MRS. BAXTER (*quite nervous*). I wonder just where his place is.

MR. BAXTER (*with annoyance*). In England, where he come from.

(ELIZA returns, bringing a visiting card which she reads carefully before handing to MRS. BAXTER, all eyes upon her. SALLY growing more and more excited.)

MRS. BAXTER (*looking at the card before reading what is on it to the others*). "A. Butler." Well, if that isn't the queerest way to do; he's got his trade and not his

name written on his visitin' card. Mebbe that's the way they do in England. I never was there myself. Hurry, Eliza, don't keep him waitin'. (ELIZA goes out.)

MR. BAXTER (*tapping the table with his fingers nervously*). Well, I swon,—just as if we didn't know what he was. A butler indeed! Guess he thinks we're as green as grass. Well, maybe we be. (*Laughs amiably.*)

MRS. BAXTER. Now remember, children, no laughing, no matter what he does.

(*The door opens and in walks ELIZA followed by LORD ARTHUR BUTLER, who is a well set up young Englishman of twenty-six, middle height, pleasant manners, sparkling eyes, keen sense of humor. He is quite at his ease though his arms are filled with things. ELIZA holds the rest of his luggage, which consists of large valise, smaller dressing case, roll containing sleeping bag, hat box, umbrella, two canes, pair of skates, snow shoes, and last, but by no means least, a dog. He drops everything and comes briskly forward to clasp MRS. BAXTER by the hand, and then turns to MR. BAXTER. All start to return his cordiality, when they remember he is not to be made much of. MRS. BAXTER takes his hand limply, but he still goes on shaking.*)

MR. BAXTER (*standing*). I see you found the house all right.

LORD A. (*seizing MR. BAXTER'S hand and shaking it violently*). Without any effort on my part, thanks. A most awfully jolly chap drove me up in his sleigh. He keeps a livery stable, quite near the station.

MRS. BAXTER (*finding it difficult to keep her chair*). Mr. Holden does meet some of the trains. We don't have much occasion to use him, but folks say his horses are real smart.

LORD A. (*removing his coat, etc., handing them mechanically to ELIZA as he does so*). So I discovered when the one I had tipped us into a snowdrift not fifty yards from this house. But the snow was so soft I rather enjoyed being in it.

MRS. BAXTER. I'm glad to see you are not easily upset.

LORD A. Oh, but I was. The sleigh turned completely over, and I rolled quite some distance from it.

(General titter from the table.)

MRS. BAXTER *(much confused)*. I meant your disposition was not easily ruffled.

LORD A. *(laughing heartily)*. Oh, I see; awfully good joke that.

MRS. BAXTER *(with dignity)*. Eliza will hang your things in the kitchen to dry.

(ELIZA stands as if wondering if she will do as she is told or not.)

LORD A. *(hands her muffler, gloves, everything in fact)*. Oh, I say it was awfully kind of you to let me come up here like this, really it was. So informal and jolly don't you know. *(Looks about the room.)* Ripping home you have here, Mrs. Baxter. *(Turns to SALLY.)* This is Miss Sally, I'm sure. *(Shakes her hand cordially.)* And this is Sammy and Mary Anne. *(Walks around and shakes them by their hands.)* You see I recognize you all by your sister's description. *(ELIZA returns from the kitchen. LORD ARTHUR turns to her.)* Miss Baxter told me Eliza and I would be great friends. *(Starts to take chair at table.)*

MRS. BAXTER. You must be dreadful hungry, but maybe you'd like to wash up a bit before eatin' your dinner. Eliza will be glad to show you where the sink is.

LORD A. *(turns amiably)*. I would like to get a bit of this grime off my hands. The tram was so beastly dirty—but I won't be gone long. I'm as hungry as a bear, as you say in America. Of course you are more accustomed to bears in your country than we are in England.

MRS. BAXTER. We don't have many bears in Appleby, but I'm told they are dreadful hungry beasts. *(Turns to ELIZA.)* Eliza, you may take — *(To LORD ARTHUR.)*

What's your Christian name? We can't keep calling you Butler all the time.

LORD A. I should say not indeed. Call me Arthur. It will make me feel more at home.

MRS. BAXTER. Eliza, take Arthur into the kitchen and show him where he can wash his hands.

ELIZA (*with scorn*). He'd better tie his dog first. I can't have him makin' tracks all over the house.

[*Exit ELIZA.*]

LORD A. (*turning to the dog which has wandered over beside the children*). Here, Snob, old boy, let me fasten you to the leg of this serving table. (*Ties him to the dresser.*) There, mind you do not make any trouble. (*Holds up finger to SNOB.*) I won't be gone a minute, Mrs. Baxter. (*To dog.*) Quiet, Snob. Coming, Eliza.

[*Exits.*]

(*Both children rise and go over to pat the dog.*)

SALLY (*sighing and watching LORD ARTHUR'S retreating figure*). Isn't he good looking? What a shame he is the butler, and not the Lord.

SAMMY (*taking his scat again*). Some class for a hired man! Do you suppose he works in those clothes, Ma?

MRS. BAXTER (*busy setting another place at the table*). I guess more than likely he's got his overalls in his dress suit case.

MR. BAXTER. He looks smart and husky.

SALLY (*sentimentally*). But not at all like a working man.

MRS. BAXTER. Maybe his folks are in reduced circumstances, and he hasn't always had to work. We must be careful not to hurt his feelings. I should think a man would hate to do housework.

SAMMY. Gee, I'd rather saw wood than wash dishes for my living.

MRS. BAXTER. I hope Eliza won't be too hard on him. She could be, if she don't take a fancy to the young man.

(LORD ARTHUR returns followed by ELIZA, who watches him suspiciously.)

LORD A. (*taking the offered seat next MRS. BAXTER, with SALLY on his other side*). And now, Mrs. Baxter, remember I am not to be treated formally. You must make use of me; there are lots of things I can do.

ELIZA (*taking her seat on SALLY'S other side*). Don't worry; there's lots to be done in this house.

MR. BAXTER. Trust Eliza to keep you busy. No one can be idle where she is. I hope you aren't fussy about your food—Arthur. (*Helps him to some.*)

LORD A. This air must give one a jolly good appetite.

SAMMY (*finishing his pie*). You can bet your sweet life it does.

SALLY (*shyly passing the plate Mr. BAXTER has piled with food*). I hope you like corn beef and cabbage —

LORD A. (*taking it and giving SALLY a look of admiration*). Oh, I say, Miss Sally, that does look good — (*To MRS. BAXTER.*) Please never make any difference in your food on my account, will you, Mrs. Baxter?

ELIZA. No, we won't; you ken be very sure of that.

(*Turns to her own plate.*)

SAMMY. Can I let your dog loose? He ain't struck on being tied.

MRS. BAXTER (*seeing ELIZA'S disapproval*). I think, Sammy, the dog had better stay as he is till he gets more used to us all.

ELIZA. Dogs should be kept in the wood-shed.

LORD A. Here, Eliza, just take him out there, would you, like a good girl; mind you fasten his leash loosely; he likes to roam a bit. And oh, I say, Eliza, will you give the poor beggar a bite to eat, if you don't mind. The poor brute must be as hungry as I am. I didn't have time to feed him before leaving town.

ELIZA (*with increasing impatience*). I'll feed him when I get round to it. (*Starts to go.*)

LORD A. Thanks most awfully, and mind you only give him one meal a day. He isn't accustomed to having more than that. (*ELIZA bangs the door behind her.*)

MR. BAXTER (*his voice higher even than usual*). I hope you're pretty strong—Arthur?

LORD A. (*accepting the food SALLY offers to him; making much of her as he does so*). I have been a bit unwell, thanks, but this air will soon make a new man of me. I feel more fit every moment—— (*To SAMMY.*) We must have some snow fights together. (*To SALLY again.*) Oh, I say, Miss Sally, I hope you skate; it's such a jolly sport. I've done a lot of it since I came to the States.

SALLY (*her eyes falling before his admiring gaze*). I've never learned to skate—my ankles are too weak.

MARY ANNE. I can skate a little, and Thammy can do the grape vine just elegant. When you ain't too busy helpin' Eliza and Mother, mebbe Thammy and me will take you out on Shattuck Pond.

LORD A. That would be ripping fun, and perhaps Miss Sally would come with us. I have a friend who thought she couldn't skate and I taught her in a few lessons. I do hope, Miss Sally, you will give me a chance to teach you.

(*ELIZA returns taking her seat again, beside LORD ARTHUR, thereby breaking up the conversation for the moment. LORD ARTHUR tries not to show his surprise at seeing the maid sitting with the family at meals.*)

SALLY. If you have time I would love to—but you see——

LORD A. (*delighted*). We will go the first pleasant afternoon.

ELIZA (*helping herself to pie*). If there ain't too much work to be done indoors. Come, children, you'd better put your minds on your dinner. There ain't nothin' to stare at.

MARY ANNE (*looks at clock*). Ith gettin' late, Thammy, and the walkin's somethin' terrible.

SAMMY (*eating his pie hurriedly*). You start ahead and I'll catch up with you. (*Starts for kitchen door.*) If it clears up we'll be late gettin' home, Ma. There's great coastin' on Gregory's hill.

[*Exit, MARY ANNE following.*]

ELIZA (*leans out to catch MARY ANNE as she comes around the back of table*). Come here and let me wipe your mouth, Mary Anne. (*MARY submits to ordeal.*)

LORD A. I hope you'll take me coasting some day, Mary Anne?

MARY ANNE. Do you like to go belly bumps, or standin' up straight?

LORD A. (*confused*). Belly bumps? But never mind, I'll go any way you like.

MRS. BAXTER (*seeing SAMMY return with boots in hand*). Sammy, let Arthur help you on with your shoes.

(*ARTHUR jumps to do it.*)

SAMMY. Not on your life; what do you think I am, Ma, like that lazy old gink what's comin' up here to stay. (*Pushes LORD ARTHUR aside.*) No, you don't, I can put my own shoes on—thanks. (*Does so quickly.*) Give the old man my regards when he comes, won't you, Ma?

(*Takes his things and disappears out of the door.*)

LORD A. (*watching the children tenderly*). Ripping pair of kids those. They make me think of home, Mrs. Baxter.

MRS. BAXTER (*unable to disguise her friendly feeling for the man*). Have you a large family, Arthur?

LORD A. Well, rather. I have two sisters and three brothers, all younger than I.

MR. BAXTER (*rises, pushing in his chair after him, lights a pippin cigar*). Guess I'll be moving back to the store, Mother. Mustn't keep my agent waiting. You surely told him to come back, didn't you, Sally?

SALLY. He promised to come by one o'clock.

MRS. BAXTER. Too bad you didn't bring him home for dinner, Sally. You and he got on real well last time he was in Appleby.

MR. BAXTER (*with pride*). So they did; he thought Sally was the whole thing by the way he stared at her.

SALLY. Oh, Father!

LORD A. Can you blame him if he had eyes in his head?

MRS. BAXTER (*trying to ignore the compliment*). I guess it was time you was goin', Hiram. I kinda wish you was goin' to meet that old gentleman yourself.

(*Helps bundle him up.*)

MR. BAXTER. Hoiden's got a Booby sleigh, and he can fetch the old fellar up as easy as a basket of chips. (*To ELIZA.*) Better put his dinner in the oven, Eliza. I reckon his appetite won't have suffered for waitin' so long for his noonday meal. Well, so long, all. [*Exits.*]

ELIZA (*sputtering as she takes a tray of dishes*). No danger of folks goin' hungry in Miss Baxter's house.

(*Kicks open the kitchen door with her foot, and exits.*)

MRS. BAXTER (*smiling*). Eliza's real thoughtful for all she's so quick speekin'; you can learn much from watchin' her, Arthur. You see, so fur, she's been the only help we've kept.

(*Helps LORD ARTHUR to another piece of pie.*)

LORD A. I am much impressed by how many things your American servants are expected to do.

MRS. BAXTER (*offering him some pickles*). Of course Sally and I do considerable housework ourselves, and Mary Anne is gettin' to be real helpful as she gets older.

LORD A. Please make all the use you can of me, won't you, Mrs. Baxter? Your daughter promised that you would treat me as one of the family while I am here.

MRS. BAXTER. You show a real nice spirit, Arthur, and when you've finished eatin' your pie, we might begin clearing off the table. Sally'll show you where the things is kept.

SALLY (*much embarrassed by the attractive man's admiration*). We usually set the dishes in the kitchen after scalding them, and Eliza washes them when she gets round to it.

LORD A. (*hastening to help in his clumsy way*). What a jolly way to do, helping each other. I've learned such

a lot of new things since coming to America that we do not understand in England at all.

ELIZA (*entering suddenly*). La sakes, you aren't goin' to work in the coat, be ye? Sally, you'd a right to give him an apron. (*Goes to dresser drawer and pulls out one that covers him completely.*) Here, Arthur, put this on, and save your clothes when you can; better take your coat off; the sleeves won't go over it.

LORD A. (*trying to conceal his amusement*). Oh, I say, Mrs. Baxter, you don't mind if I wear knickers and a soft shirt most of the time, do you?

MRS. BAXTER. Not at all. I was thinkin' before you came, you might want to wear a uniform. Men in your line of business usually do—least so I've noticed in pictures.

LORD A. Uniforms are out of place now the war is over, unless one is in the regular army.

MRS. BAXTER. Now don't that sound sensible?

SALLY. Jennie says you have not been working for some time.

LORD A. No, I've been beastly idle, but I hope to be kept busy here.

ELIZA. Don't worry about that. Now, Sally, show Arthur where the table-cloth is kept, and how to keep the napkins separate. The flat silver needs rubbin' 'fore it goes in the box. And be sure he brushes up the floor; the young-uns was more careless than usual.

(*ELIZA gives a look about the room and goes out.*)

MRS. BAXTER. I think I'll just go and touch off the stove in the best bedroom; old folks is liable to ketch cold if their room is damp. It was fortunate, Arthur, you got here before the old gentleman did.

LORD A. When are you expecting him, Mrs. Baxter?

MRS. BAXTER. By the next train; he's feeble and needs a sight of waitin' on, and I guess we don't need to tell you what Englishmen want to make 'em comfortable.

LORD A. Trust me to handle him. I'll rag the old chap a bit if he seems in poor spirits.

MRS. BAXTER (*reaching for the matches*). We want

him to feel at home, and we mustn't mention the late war, as I guess likely he was too old to fight.

LORD A. I can understand how he feels. Trust me to care for him, Mrs. Baxter. I'll be on hand, when he arrives, to unpack his portmanteau for him.

MRS. BAXTER. And have an eye to his clothes. I believe Englishmen are very particular to have the trousers pressed. You see we don't have much men company, and we want this one not to feel he is putting us out.

LORD A. I promise that the old gentleman will never suspect that he hasn't a personal valet along.

MRS. BAXTER. When you get through clearing off the table, Sally will show you where your room is. It's small, but it's over the kitchen, next Eliza; and it's nice and warm at all seasons. (*Takes a look at all his luggage still piled in the corner of the room.*) When you go up you'd better take your things with you.

SALLY (*feeling sorry for this charming young man*). You must not mind Mother's telling you what to do; she is old-fashioned, you know.

LORD A. I'm sure she is a perfect corker, as you say in America. Ripping word, corker. Applies to almost everything over here. Your sister told me your mother was a wonderful housekeeper. (*Suddenly looks at SALLY admiringly.*) You were in Cambridge last year, were you not, Miss Sally?

(SALLY jumps.)

SALLY (*drops into chair at head of table*). I graduated from college in June—I'm working in Father's store this winter, keeping his books for him.

LORD A. (*taking seat beside her, facing stage*). He must adore having you there. By Jove! he must really, Miss Sally—any one would.

SALLY (*embarrassed but enjoying the situation*). He pays me well for doing it. You know, the value of work nowadays is what you can demand for doing it.

LORD A. One would pay all they had to have you work for them, I'm sure.

SALLY (*jumping up, and taking the remaining things*

off the table). I expected to teach school after I left college, but Mother needed me at home with her after Jennie left.

LORD A. I don't blame her for wanting you. Women in your country are doing men's work these days, just as they are in England.

SALLY (*taking one end of table-cloth, giving LORD ARTHUR the other*). Just as men are doing women's.

(Twinkle in her eye.)

LORD A. (*sees joke and laughs*). Jolly good joke, by Jove it is, but do you like keeping books, Miss Sally?

SALLY. Yes, very much. (*Folding her end toward his.*) Do you enjoy housework—Arthur?

LORD A. (*peering at her over the cloth*). When I can do it with you. Oh, I say, Miss Sally, when can we have our first skating lesson? I think the sun is coming out. We might go this afternoon.

SALLY (*folding the table-cloth again, almost meeting face to face with LORD ARTHUR*). I'm afraid not to-day—for even if it clears, the ice would be covered with snow.

LORD A. Oh, but we might brush it off together. Isn't it fun when two people can work together?

(Their faces almost meet.)

SALLY (*taking the cloth from him*). Do you like our country?

LORD A. I'd like any place where you were, Miss Sally.

SALLY (*stiffening a little but enjoying herself immensely*). Do men in your position in England pay compliments to young girls if they have only known them half an hour?

LORD A. By Jove they do, when the girl is as charming as you are.

SALLY (*putting the cloth where it belongs*). The table-cloth goes in this drawer; it is well for you to know, for usually I am not here to show you.

LORD A. (*crestfallen*). Don't you always help to clear

off the table? Oh, I say, that is tough to expect a chap to do it alone.

SALLY. But you see I have Father's work to do.

LORD A. (*perching on the table and looking up at SALLY, who is taking the napkins from another chair near by*). I tell you what, Miss Sally; you help me do my work and I'll come over to the store and help you with yours.

SALLY (*trying to be very dignified*). I am afraid that wouldn't do at all. We put the napkins in these rings. You must be careful to keep track of which is which, for you see we only have clean ones when it is necessary, and some need them sooner than others.

LORD A. (*tugging at the napkin and putting it on bunchily, and not at all right*). It will take a lot of lessons to teach me housework, Miss Sally, almost as many as I hope it will take to teach you how to skate. But I'll do my best,—really I will.

SALLY. We must hurry. Mother will wonder why we are so long clearing off the table. You should see how quickly Eliza does it.

LORD A. I hope Mrs. Baxter will not mind that I brought my sleeping bag in case I sleep in the open.

SALLY. Sleep out in the open—we have plenty of beds indoors.

LORD A. But I prefer it, it's so jolly, don't you know—on a porch or an upper balcony.

SALLY. Oh, yes, I understand. Some of the summer people do have sleeping porches, but Father thinks it is silly to sleep outdoors if there is room inside. Speaking of Father, I'm afraid he will be wondering where I am. I must hurry back to the store in case he needs me.

LORD A. (*sadly*). Then we can't sweep off the snow together. What a pity! See, it is clearing; the sun is almost out.

SALLY. But you couldn't go anyway. Mother expects you to be on hand when the old gentleman comes.

LORD A. Bother the old man!—but I'm glad he's old. That's one thing to be thankful for; he won't expect much of you.

(ELIZA enters.)

SALLY (*seeing ELIZA's expression of annoyance*). Now we are all through here, I will show you where your room is.

(*Helps him off with his apron. They pick up his belongings and disappear through the door into the kitchen as the front door-bell rings. ELIZA goes to answer it. Comes back followed by BOGGS, a perfect specimen of English butler sixty years old, side whiskers, gray hair, long black coat, galoshes, derby hat, umbrella and muffler. He is carrying a small shiny leather bag. He bows respectfully to ELIZA, who of course takes him to be the Lord.*)

ELIZA (*bustling about him*). Make yourself right to home; you must be most soaked after trampin' up through this wet snow. It's blowin' something terrible outside for all the sun's shinin'. I reckon we're goin' to have a spell of cold weather. Likely to after such a storm as this. (*All in one breath.*)

BOGGS (*standing like a ramrod, not a smile on his face, or a feature moving as he listens to ELIZA. He stands holding his hat and umbrella*). Please as don't put yourself hout on my ha'count, Madam. (*Bows low.*)

ELIZA. Madam, indeed,—and who do you think I be?

BOGGS (*immovable and inscrutable*). Harn't you Mrs. 'Tram Baxter?

ELIZA. No, I ain't; I'm only the hired help.

BOGGS (*not at all surprised*). Ho, hindeed.

ELIZA (*trying to take his things*). Miss Baxter's upstairs gettin' your room ready.

BOGGS. Hi'm sorry to 'ave put 'er to so much trouble.

ELIZA (*taking to this humble man*). It ain't no trouble for Miss Baxter to get ready for company. She likes it,—besides, the young man's helpin' her.

BOGGS (*stiffly*). Hi was not aware you kept a second man—Miss Baxter said as 'ow you lived hextremely simple.

ELIZA (*a bit nettled by his air and haughty manner*). We ain't got no second man, nor no second girl neither,

but we manages to make folks comfortable and to home for all we're so simple. Your dinner's heating in the oven. You see, we didn't expect you quite so early, but it won't take a jiffy to set a place for you. It's too bad the folks is all through eatin' their dinner. It's kinda lonesome (*Smiles her sweetest.*) eatin' by yourself. You see, Mr. Baxter carried Jennie's letter in his pocket mos' a week, and we only just heard you was comin'. (MRS. BAXTER *enters and sees BOGGS standing with his umbrella, hat, and bag, stiff as can be.*) Here, give me that coat while I put it in the kitchen.

(BOGGS *obeys reluctantly.* ELIZA *exits.*)

MRS. BAXTER (*taking his hand, and shaking it cordially*). How do you do? But how did you get here at this hour? (*Clasps his frigid hands.*)

BOGGS (*his hand falling limply to his side*). Sorry to disappoint you, Madam, but Hi walked hup from the station.

MRS. BAXTER (*horrified*). For the land sakes! You walked all the way from the station! Mr. Holden was to meet you in his booby sleigh ——

BOGGS. 'E did his duty, Madam, but ha gentleman stepped inside the 'ack before me, and left me standing there. Don't mind, Madam, Hi'm quite used to walking.

MRS. BAXTER. But surely you had more on than that; you must be frozen.

BOGGS. Your maid 'as kindly taken my coat to the kitchen to dry. Hi am very sorry to 'ave caused so much trouble, when I came ——

MRS. BAXTER. Yes, yes, I understand; but what would my daughter Jennie say if she knew you had arrived with no one to meet you?

BOGGS. Miss Baxter said as 'ow Hi was to take things as Hi found them, Madam.

(BOGGS *looks about the room, walking to other side.*)

MRS. BAXTER (*much upset*). Of course we live more simply than you are accustomed to, but we try to treat our company to the best we have, and as if they was expected.

BOGGS (*bowing low*). Yes, Madam.

ELIZA (*coming in with BOGGS' dinner. She and MRS. BAXTER set his place*). Now set right down and eat this while it's hot; you must be most starved.

MRS. BAXTER (*bustling with energy and cordial attention*). That's real nice of you, Eliza, to have it all ready. I hope it is not spoiled by waitin' so long—Do eat heartily, Mr.—

BOGGS (*utterly miserable and trying not to take a scat as ELIZA pushes him toward it*). My name is Boggs, Madam.

MRS. BAXTER. What a nice name, so easy to say.—But have you no other?

BOGGS. Arthur—Arthur Boggs, Madam. But Hi am usually called Boggs.

MRS. BAXTER. Of course, now I remember, Jennie said your name was Arthur—real pretty name, Arthur; so easy to remember. Do be seated. You must be faint, Mr. Boggs.

BOGGS (*overcome with embarrassment*). But please, Madam, Hi ham accustomed—

MRS. BAXTER (*pushing the unwilling man into his chair*). I understand, but you see my daughter told us to treat you as one of the family. You will soon become used to our New England ways.

BOGGS (*more and more dejected*). Might we speak of terms, Madam?

MRS. BAXTER (*puzzled*). Terms?—Oh, yes, of course, I see, but leave that till some other time; wait and see if you like it here. I calculate you and I won't fuss over a few dollars one way or the other.

BOGGS (*trying to rise, but MRS. BAXTER holds him in his seat*). Miss Baxter an' Hi harranged it should be sixty dollars a month, hand my washing.

MRS. BAXTER (*throwing up her hands with horror*). Fifteen dollars a week for such slight service; impossible! Jennie has got big ideas since she took to gettin' educated down to Cambridge.

BOGGS. But, Madam, Hi 'ave halways been ha'customed to that hamount.

(*More and more excited and trying to rise again, until it becomes a seesaw effect, MRS. BAXTER pushing him down.*)

MRS. BAXTER (*trying to pacify the old man as LORD ARTHUR and SALLY appear*). Oh, very well, Mr. Boggs, as you say it shall be. (BOGGS rises again as he sees SALLY.) This is my daughter Sally, Mr. Boggs, Jennie's younger sister.

(SALLY seizes his hand and shakes it cordially, with a pump handle effect, as his arm is perfectly limp.)

SALLY (*in her sweetest voice*). We are so glad to welcome you to Appleby, Mr. Boggs.

MRS. BAXTER (*to LORD ARTHUR*). And this young man is going to help us to make your visit in Appleby as pleasant as possible. His name is Arthur, too. I hope we won't get you mixed up. (*Smiles her sweetest.*)

BOGGS (*looking miserably toward LORD ARTHUR, who can not quite make out what has happened*). Hi 'opes not, Madam.

LORD A. (*seizing BOGGS' limp hand*). Awfully glad to meet you, old chap. After you finish your dinner you must let me take you to your room. Awfully jolly place, Appleby. The air is so bracing. Makes one feel like a two-year-old. And the coasting and skating are such ripping sports. (MRS. BAXTER has forced BOGGS back to his chair and they are all seeing to his wants.) Mrs. Baxter's corn beef and cabbage would tempt the most fastidious appetites.

BOGGS. Hi am sure of that—sir.

(BOGGS recognizes his superior.)

MRS. BAXTER (*chirping*). Mr. Boggs walked all the way from the station. Think of it! He must be most dead. I am afraid he won't have such a good opinion of Appleby as you have, Arthur. But never mind, he must have a real nice rest after his dinner, and be feeling smart when Mr. Baxter comes back from the store this evening. You and he will have a good deal to talk over together.

BOGGS (*pushing back his untouched plate and rising again*). Might Hi——

ELIZA (*appearing with a fresh cup of coffee*). Now set right down, Mr. Boggs; here's some hot coffee for you. I made it a purpose——

BOGGS (*seeing LORD ARTHUR'S eye on him*). Hi can't eat hanything more, thank you, Eliza. Hi would be very grateful hif Mr. Harthur would take me to me room, please. (*Grabs his bag and hat and umbrella.*)

MRS. BAXTER. Poor Mr. Boggs, your walk has made you too tired to eat.

BOGGS. Hit isn't that, Madam, but Hi would like to take off my things, they are so very damp.

MRS. BAXTER. Now isn't that too bad, and you settin' in them all this time.

LORD A. (*taking his arm*). I'll soon fix him up, Mrs. Baxter. Come this way—Mr. Boggs.

(*Marches him off double quick time.*)

SALLY (*watching them disappear*). What a horrid old stick of a man. How could Jennie send him up here for us to take care of? I don't see what we can ever do with him.

MR. BAXTER (*coming into the room, bubbling over with good nature and excitement*). Well, Mother, here I am back again. I jest couldn't stay 'way. My mind wouldn't tend to business, so I shut my desk down and left things with Alonzo Townsend, and I ain't goin' back to work till to-morrow morning. I saw Wilcox, and chose some startling clothing for spring orders and I'm goin' to meet Jen's fellar myself. I've got the pair hitched up, and they air standin' covered on the barn floor this minute. (*Suddenly notices faces of his wife and daughter.*) Well, what ails yer both? Ain't bin to a funeral, have ye?

MRS. BAXTER. Hiram, there ain't any use of goin' to meet him, he's here already; walked up from the station, and he's ten years older than you are if he's a day.

MR. BAXTER (*considerably subdued*). Well, I swon—how can he be here? The train ain't in yet.

SALLY. He come by the express, but you see Arthur took the only sleigh there was there to meet the train.

MRS. BAXTER. He's dreadful feeble. Real broken down in fact; but I guess likely he's a kind soul. You remember Jen said his nerves were all gone.

SALLY (*almost in tears*). He's perfectly horrible, almost lacking in intelligence, and stiff as a ramrod. I don't believe he or his mother before him ever smiled in their lives.

MR. BAXTER (*sitting down in his overcoat and rubbing his head*). Well, I snum, what will Jen say when she hears we let that old fellar walk all the way up from the station? Why, he must have been an hour and a half doin' it.

MRS. BAXTER. He was dreadful wet too. But I must say, Eliza took to him at once, and has been doin' everything for his comfort since he got here.

MR. BAXTER. It's mighty fortunate she likes him. I was afraid she might go on something fierce when she heard he was comin'.

SALLY (*drearily*). And, oh Father, the butler is so attractive—quite a gentleman in every way. It must be terribly hard for him to do his kind of work.

MR. BAXTER. What does Eliza think of him?

SALLY. She hasn't expressed an opinion as yet.

(*The door opens and BOGGS enters, dressed in immaculate cutaway, the model English man servant. He is followed by LORD ARTHUR who has put on his knickerbockers, looking every inch the gentleman he is.*)

MRS. BAXTER (*rising to the situation*). Mr. Boggs, this is my husband, Hiram Baxter; Jennie's father, you know. (*Smiles at BOGGS benignly.*)

MR. BAXTER (*taking BOGGS' limp hand*). Pleased to meet you, Mr. Boggs. Welcome to our city, as they say when distinguished foreigners come to town.

(*Dances round him.*)

ELIZA (*offering BOGGS another cup of steaming coffee*).

Oh, Mr. Boggs, do try and drink this. Your poor stomach must be dreadful empty.

MR. BAXTER (*seeing BOGGS' confusion*). Can't you let the poor man alone, Eliza? (*Still shaking him by the hand himself.*) My wife tells me you have walked up from the station, but I suppose your training has taught you not to mind walking.

(*Leads him to the rocking-chair.*)

BOGGS (*desperate. Refuses to sit*). Hi ham quite haccustomed to walking—and standing too, (*Stands like a ramrod, his arms beside him.*) I fear as 'ow Hi 'ave caused Mrs. Baxter great hinconvenience.

MR. BAXTER. Not a bit of it, my dear sir; do be seated; you must be tired after so much exercise.

BOGGS. Hi much prefers to stand—that is hunless Mrs. Baxter 'as something for me to do.

MR. BAXTER. Now, isn't that nice of you to want to help my wife? Jen said you was willin' and there ain't any occasion for you to trouble yourself. Arthur here is kind o' helpful too.

MRS. BAXTER. You must get your nerves nicely rested, and be sleeping some, before you try to share the work of our home. If there is anything you could suggest that would taste good, Eliza will be only too delighted to make it for you. Her pies and doughnuts are especially tempting—leastwhiles we think so.

BOGGS (*his distress increasing*). But hif you honly knew, Madam, how much 'appier I would be hif Hi 'ad something to do, you would give me some orders hat once.

MR. BAXTER. All in good time, all in good time, Mr. Boggs. Now, I tell you what we'll do. You and I will take a spin with my pair of chestnuts. The sleighing is tiptop.

BOGGS. But please, sir ——

MR. BAXTER. Don't make any objections, I've an extra warm coat for you to wear; and Mother here will get you a muffler and heavy gloves ——

BOGGS. But ——

MR. BAXTER (*growing garrulous*). But nothing—we've just time to go round Patterson's corners and be home for supper. Jen said you were fond of sleighing, and it seems as if this storm came as an answer to prayer. Come, Mother, get the warm gloves for Mr. Boggs. (*Every one rushes round and gets things for BOGGS; bundling him up within an inch of his life, until he is the most wretched looking mortal, bundled in a coat several sizes too big, etc.*) I guess when we get back Liza won't have to be temptin' you with dainties; you'll be eatin' us out of house and home.

BOGGS. But——

MR. BAXTER (*pushing him forward*). Come right along, and if you don't mind we'll walk out to the barn, and get into the sleigh there, for my pair are feelin' real skittish and they don't like to stand at the door.

(MR. BAXTER *takes BOGGS by one arm and LORD ARTHUR by the other and out he goes, ELIZA going to her kitchen, carrying BOGGS' dishes. SALLY goes for her coat and hat as ARTHUR returns.*)

MRS. BAXTER (*breathless from her exertions, sinks into the armchair and rocks vigorously*). Arthur, you were jist as helpful as you could be, and now that there isn't much to be done till supper time, you had better put your coat and hat on, and take a little walk. You might go's fur as the store with Sally. You can carry her bundles for her. You might just as well learn your way round Appleby. I might want an errand done now and then.

LORD A. (*delighted*). Oh, I say, Mrs. Baxter, you are kind; I would enjoy a walk with Miss Sally above all things. I won't be a moment getting my cap and gloves.

MRS. BAXTER (*watching LORD ARTHUR'S retreating figure*). Oh, if Mr. Boggs were only like him.

SALLY (*sighing*). If he only were!

MRS. BAXTER (*practically*). But he ain't, and there's no use wishing he was.

SALLY. Possibly not, but I can't help wishing it just the same.

LORD A. (*returning with sweater, gloves, cap, and muffler; looking more attractive than ever*). Are you ready, Miss Sally?

SALLY. Good-bye, Mother; I may be late this evening. Don't keep supper waiting for me. There will be lots for me to do at the store, for you see I have taken two hours instead of one for my dinner.

LORD A. Might I come for you, and fetch you home, Miss Sally?

MRS. BAXTER. That would be real nice of you, Arthur; I don't mind sayin' you are a very promisin' young man, and take to our ways of doin' things real smart.

LORD A. (*as he and SALLY start for the door*). I hope I may prove more and more indispensable to you, Mrs. Baxter. (*Goes out, following SALLY.*)

MRS. BAXTER (*jumps to her feet and runs to the telephone*). Central, give me sixteen ring fifty-two.... Hello—Hello, is that you, Elvire? Hello—Oh, there you are. How you feelin' after the storm?....I'm pretty good considerin'....Yes, we have got company....Yes, one did come in Mr. Holden's booby, the other walked up from the station....One of 'em is a Lord....Yes, I said LORD....L-O-R-D....Yes, he's English....I thought you'd be surprised....No, we don't call him Lord. He don't like us to....You'll be over later?....I thought you might be....Yes, we call him Mister: seems to make him feel more at home. I'll tell you who the other man is when you come over....Good-bye.

(*Hangs up receiver and sinks exhausted into the rocking-chair.*)

CURTAIN

ACT II

SCENE.—*Same scene as ACT I. Two weeks later; 3:30 P. M. Great changes have taken place in the BAXTER household owing to BOGGS' efforts. Stiff muslin curtains at windows, covered by chints, with chair to match. Plated silver tea set, and children's mugs are on the sideboard. Dining table is not set except at meal times. In ACT II it is made smaller for afternoon tea party. Brass candlesticks are on it, with candy dishes, etc.*

(As curtain rises, LORD ARTHUR is stretched at length, his body on an armchair, his legs on a straight one. He is reading the paper while ELIZA is busy working about the room. She is dressed in crisp calico; her hair neatly done, parted and crimped a little. She is humming out of tune "Home, sweet home." She is unconscious of LORD ARTHUR'S presence until suddenly reminded of him.)

ELIZA (*stops singing*). Well, if you ain't lyin' down again.

LORD A. Oh, I say, Eliza, can't you let a fellow alone a minute? (*Drops his newspaper.*)

ELIZA. Alone a minute?—Good Lord (*LORD ARTHUR jumps.*) haven't you been there over an hour? (*BOGGS comes in, his coat off. He is watching ELIZA.*) Yer don't catch Mr. Boggs readin'. (*Smirks at BOGGS sweetly.*) It's them what hasn't anythin' in their heads what needs to read books, and as for the newspapers, what they prints one day is contradicted the next. Here, give me that paper. (*Takes it roughly.*) It's only good to keep Miss Baxter's table from bein' scratched.

LORD A. (*rising and stretching himself*). Aren't you a bit hard on a chap, Eliza? Think how I've worked for

you this morning. I swept the best parlor and dusted it twice.

ELIZA. You wouldn't 'a' had to if you'd done it decent the first time. And the minute my back was turned you was off walkin'. Lucky Mr. Boggs isn't dependent on exercise, as you calls it, or we would never be ready for Miss Baxter's party. Here, sit down and cut this bread for Mr. Boggs. He never will ask you to do nothin'.

LORD A. (*seating himself and commencing to cut the bread very thick*). All right, Eliza, it shall be done to the Queen's taste.

BOGGS (*solemnly*). God bless her Majesty.

ELIZA (*piling the plate, etc.*). I do hope Jennie's train won't be late. Miss Baxter sets great store on havin' her here to-day.

LORD A. We all do, Eliza.

BOGGS. Hit would be a pity for 'er to miss the party, hafter hall your preparations for hit.

ELIZA. You forget all you've done, Mr. Boggs. Mrs. Baxter is real grateful to you for your ideas; we never did much in the line of afternoon teas till you came to Appleby, Mr. Boggs. (*Smiles benignly on him.*)

LORD A. (*working hard*). How about some of my suggestions, Eliza?

ELIZA (*suddenly noticing the way he is cutting the bread*). See here, boy, cut that bread thinner.

LORD A. Oh, hang it all, there's no suiting you, Eliza. I said how about my suggestion, such as using the front parlor evenings and having jam for breakfast. The children enjoy that and I notice Mr. Baxter takes his Scotch whiskey with the best of 'em since I sent to Boston for some.

ELIZA (*grudgingly*). Mebbe that's so, but you can't be expected to know about serving things real stylish like what Mr. Boggs does. (*Looks over at BOGGS sweetly.*)

LORD A. I will admit he does know just how things should be served; one might imagine he had never done anything else in his life but wait on table, eh, Mr. Boggs?

ELIZA. Mr. Boggs, don't let Arthur speak so free to you.

LORD A. Can't I put those dishes in the kitchen for you, Eliza?

ELIZA. You'd be sure to upset them. (*Takes a box of flowers from a chair at back of stage.*) Here, fix these flowers. Jen sent 'em up for her mother. Miss Baxter sets great store by carnations.

(*Goes out, giving BOGGS a tender glance as she goes.*)

BOGGS (*watching her*). Remarkable woman that—we have nothin' like 'er in dear hold England, 'ave we—Harthur?

LORD A. (*laboring with the bread*). No, thank God! She has the "Made in America" stamp all over her.

BOGGS (*sentimentally*). Heliza would be an haddition to hany man's 'ome—— (*Leaning over confidentially to LORD ARTHUR.*) But Hi must hadmit—she does not know 'er place.

(*Looks round to hear if she is coming back.*)

LORD A. I'm afraid you are not familiar with the New England servant, Mr. Boggs. They have a place of their own, and it comes before the family.

BOGGS. Himagine an Hinglish servant eating with the family.

LORD A. It took me some time to become accustomed to Mrs. Baxter's way of doing things, but, by Jove, I am beginning to think she has the right idea. The fact is I like everything about this family—even Eliza. Have you noticed, Mr. Boggs, how much younger she has grown since we came?

BOGGS (*brightening up the silver as he talks*). Hi 'ave hindeed. I made a few suggestions to 'er in regard to 'er personal happearence has we worked together in the kitchen.

LORD A. Did you ask her to change the way of wearing her hair?

BOGGS (*taking down candlesticks and arranging them on the tea table*). Hi said as 'ow Hi hadmired the way Miss Sally did 'ers. (*Bending his body ever so slightly toward LORD ARTHUR.*) 'Ave you noticed how pink Heliza's cheeks 'ave grown?

LORD A. Well, rather! It must be due to blushing at your constant approval. I don't suppose the poor woman ever had a man pay her such marked attention before in her life—and, by Jove, she deserves all she gets.

ELIZA (*calling from the kitchen*). Arthur—Arthur—(*Appearing breathlessly.*) come and git me a few sticks of wood from the shed like a good boy.

LORD A. Anything to please you, Eliza. But, I say, where is Miss Sally? She promised to take an afternoon off in honor of her mother's birthday party.

ELIZA (*bustling around helping BOGGS and smiling coyly at him meanwhile*). Don't worry, she'll be here. I guess likely trade is pickin' up now the sun's shining. Folks never gits real interested in clothes when it's bad weather; but hurry and git that wood, boy. (LORD ARTHUR *goes out, looking back at ELIZA and BOGGS, who are quite oblivious to his presence.*) Irrepressible young fellar, ain't he, Mr. Boggs, but careless. I can't larn him to stick to his work two minutes at a time. Guess he never was reared well. Bringing up does count, don't it, Mr. Boggs? (*Stands smiling up into his face.*) If he would only take after you now.

BOGGS (*his manner relaxing as LORD ARTHUR leaves the room*). Hor be has hindustrious has you, Heliza. (*Comes closer to her.*) You do hintirely too much for this family, Heliza. Himagine hany woman hin Hingland doing what you do 'ere.

ELIZA (*tossing her head*). Don't talk to me 'bout city help. I see enough of them up here in summer time. Why, land sakes alive, that dummy over to Mr. Baxter's store window is more use to what they is. I'd rather die in my tracks than be as lazy as they is.

BOGGS. But your 'elth, Heliza; you should consider that; you must know 'ow it 'urts my 'art to see you working yourself to death. (*Coming closer.*) Hand might Hi be so bold has to hadd 'ow becoming your 'air is this afternoon? (*Strokes it gingerly.*)

ELIZA (*looking up at him blushing*). Oh, Mr. Boggs, did you notice it? Ain't that real nice of you, with all that's on your mind?

LORD A. (*whistling as he comes back*). I left the wood on the hearth, Eliza. I was afraid to put it on the fire; I might have done it wrong.

ELIZA (*annoyed by his interruption*). There ain't but one way of puttin' wood on a fire, but if there was, you'd 'a' done it. I'll go and do it myself. (*Flounces out.*)

LORD A. (*seating himself by the window to look for SALLY*). That old woman should have married at sixteen.

BOGGS. Hi dare say 'er 'art was never touched.

LORD A. (*coming back to his arrangement of flowers*). I'm sure of that. But take care she doesn't lose it to you—Mr. Boggs.

BOGGS (*hearing the sound of footsteps*). Hush! Suppose some one was to 'ear you say such a thing.

(*Goes out as SALLY walks in.*)

SALLY (*seeing LORD ARTHUR filling a vase from the water pitcher*). What in the world are you doing, Arthur?

LORD A. (*offering her a seat at the end of the table*). Putting your mother's flowers in water. Allow me to surrender my position as floral decorator to you, Miss Sally.

SALLY (*taking off her coat and hat*). Mother expects entirely too much of you. She'll be asking you to do the family mending next.

LORD A. (*hanging up the coat and hat in the closet*). No telling what mischief I'd be up to if she didn't keep me busy. (*Comes over beside her.*)

SALLY (*looking up at him sympathetically*). I'm sure you haven't been accustomed to work like this all your life, have you, Arthur? (*Sits down.*)

LORD A. (*taking a seat at her left; facing stage*). But you can't imagine how much I enjoy doing things for you. I think I like it almost as much as Boggs does.

SALLY. Poor old man; he seems so simple-hearted.

LORD A. (*testily*). And simple-headed too.

SALLY. He seems particularly interested in Eliza. It's all Mother can do to keep him out of the kitchen even-

ings. They hit it off together; he and Eliza. I suppose she amuses him.

LORD A. How could she help it? I'd get annoyed with her if she wasn't so jolly funny, don't you know. Have you noticed how she's spruced up since Boggs and I came?

SALLY. Approval makes women young and pretty; you see Eliza is not used to having any one notice her personal appearance.

LORD A. (*intensely*). Do all women like to have men say what they think? (*Coming dangerously close.*)

SALLY (*alarmed*). By no means. We were speaking of Eliza. She is much more amiable since you and Mr. Boggs came to Appleby. I dare say you thought it strange for her to eat at our table. You never seemed to object, but Mr. Boggs resented it from the first.

LORD A. (*sitting on the table*). You see your sister told me how informally you lived, and I was prepared for everything except —

SALLY. Except what?

LORD A. That I would enjoy doing my share of the work. Why, even the most menial service I can do for you or your mother is only a joy to me.

SALLY (*alarmed by his admiring glances*). Mother has a way of making people do things until it becomes a habit —

(*ELIZA bustles into the room, and looks daggers at LORD ARTHUR.*)

ELIZA. Here you are doing nothing as usual. Mr. Boggs was askin' where you was.

SALLY (*indignantly*). Arthur is doing something for me, Eliza; he will be at liberty to wait on Mr. Boggs presently. (*Exit ELIZA.*) Mother expects even Mr. Boggs to do his "Bit," as you Englishmen call it,—and she isn't afraid of him if he is a —

LORD A. (*angrily*). An awful cad. By the way, Miss Sally, what do you know about Boggs?

SALLY. Nothing, except that my sister sent him up here for a rest—and that he is very peculiar.

LORD A. He certainly is that; but I'm sure he isn't your kind.

SALLY. In America we do not make so much difference in what kind a person is.

LORD A. We do in England. Once a gentleman always a gentleman. Once middle class always middle class. Every one has his or her place, and knows how to keep in it.

SALLY (*laughing*). While here in America one can make his own place if he or she is smart enough.

LORD A. (*losing interest*). Oh, I say, Miss Sally, don't you think we could have a skating lesson before the guests begin to arrive?

SALLY. What would Eliza say when there is so much to be done to get ready for Mother's party?

LORD A. Boggs wishes to do everything himself, and I'd hate to deprive him of that pleasure.

SALLY. Seems odd that he enjoys housework so much, when I don't suppose he ever did a bit of it before in his life.

LORD A. Takes to it as if he had never done anything else. By Jove, he does.

BOGGS (*coming in carrying some dishes*). Would you please carry in some plates for Heliza, Harthur?

(*Goes out again.*)

LORD A. (*his manhood aroused*). I never get a chance to have a word alone with you, Miss Sally, that—excuse me, miserable old man turns up and wants something done. I was just about to say—

ELIZA (*putting her head round the doorway*). Arthur! Where are you?

LORD A. (*with some anger*). I'm here, but I'm busy— (ELIZA *slams the door.*) Oh, I say, Miss Sally, I must say what is on my mind. (*Comes round to the front of stage.*) Sally, I love you—

SALLY (*jumping away from him*). Arthur, how dare you say so?

LORD A. Love makes one bold, and I really do love you. I love you with my whole heart and soul.

(*They are standing facing each other; he seizes her hand.*)

SALLY (*trying to be angry, but liking his love-making*).
How can a man like you —

LORD A. All men are alike when it comes to loving, and one man's love is as good as another's, provided he really loves—and I do —

SALLY. Please don't say any more —

LORD A. (*something in her face encourages him to continue*). Is my love so offensive to you—Sally? Tell me you do love me a little in return. You can't deny it. I know you love me. I know you do —

SALLY (*under her breath*). I do love you, Arthur—wrong as it is. What will Father say?

LORD A. (*taking her in his arms*). Trust me to make him understand —

SALLY (*giving herself up to his embrace*). But he would never give his consent to our marriage. We may be plain people —

LORD A. (*kissing her*). What difference does that make—(*Kisses her again.*) if we love each other? I tell you, Sally, I am going to marry you and take you back to England with me.

(*Door opens and MR. BAXTER sees the picture of SALLY in LORD ARTHUR'S arms.*)

MR. BAXTER (*his anger rising*). Well, I swon, if this ain't the biggest piece of impertinence — (*His voice trembling.*) Arthur, what air you a-doin'?

LORD A. (*facing him bravely*). I am asking your daughter to marry me. I know it is wrong to do so before I have asked you to give me her hand in marriage, but my love was so overpowering I could not help telling Sally so —

MR. BAXTER (*livid with rage*). What right have you to love my daughter?

LORD A. (*his spirit roused*). The right any honest man has to love a woman—sir.

MR. BAXTER. Think of the difference between her folks and yours.

LORD A. (*proudly*). I have, sir, and I still beg you to give me her hand in marriage.

MR. BAXTER (*his chin whiskers shaking*). Arthur, it ain't that you aren't a real man. You air. You've acted like one ever sence you come to Appleby, but I can't let my girl marry you. It wouldn't be right; it ain't calkerlated to bring happiness for folks to marry beneath their circumstances; and if I was to let Sally marry you, one, or the other, or both of ye would be a doggone sight more miserable than as if I was to break up the match now.

(*Draws himself up with dignity after his speech.*)

SALLY (*beginning to cry*). Father! How can you be so cruel?

LORD A. (*with greater dignity*). I say, Mr. Baxter, you are unkind.

MR. BAXTER. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, boy, but take my advice and choose a wife from one of your own folks.

LORD A. (*his pride is injured, and standing back he addresses MR. BAXTER with great dignity*). Accept my apologies, Mr. Baxter. I regret having annoyed you. I will take my leave at once.

SALLY (*her patience gone*). But Arthur, you can't go like this.

MR. BAXTER. It would spoil the party, and hurt Miss Baxter's feelings. I admit I was a bit hasty, and lost my temper, for it ain't any disgrace to love a girl, even if she ain't in your set. And besides, you just can't go while we have that ramrod of an Englishman here. Who'll look after him if you go? He might fall to pieces on our hands.

LORD A. (*his amiability restored*). I—I'm sorry, I was hasty, too. Of course I will stay as long as the old numskull does. I promise no one will know what has passed between us.

MR. BAXTER (*extending his hand to LORD ARTHUR*). Put it there, my boy, you air a real fellar, whatever your station in life happens to be. I was about to hitch up

and go to meet Jen, but my rheumatiz is kinda troubling me to-day, and if you don't mind, Arthur, you might give me a hand.

LORD A. (*putting his hand on the old man's arm tenderly*). Please let me do it alone; I can handle a horse, sir.

(*The two men leave the room, LORD ARTHUR'S arm around MR. BAXTER, while SALLY drops into a rocking-chair, and after thinking dreamily a moment bursts into sobs. ELIZA enters and finds her weeping.*)

ELIZA (*rushing to SALLY'S side*). For pity sakes, child, what ails yer? Ain't sick, be yer?

SALLY (*crying harder*). No-o, but I am so unhappy; boo-hoo. Arthur just asked Father if he could marry me.

(*Head falls on ELIZA'S shoulder as the latter kneels before her.*)

ELIZA (*indignantly*). That young popinjay wants to marry Sarah Campbell Baxter. Well, if I ever heard tell the beat of that.

SALLY. Oh, but Eliza, I do love him so—boo-hoo.

ELIZA. Mebbe you do, but that ain't no reason for saying it's right for you to marry him.

SALLY. I do love him. (*Her spirit rising, she sits straight, and looks ELIZA in the face.*) And I will never give him up—so there!

ELIZA (*manner calm*). I likes your spunk, child—so I does; and anything I ken do to help yer marry him I will. If he is lazy, and don't seem real handy, he is spirited to face your father; and I must say he acts like a perfect gentleman.

SALLY. I am sure he is a gentleman, Eliza; it isn't his fault if he has to work. It's no disgrace to do house-work, is it, Eliza?

ELIZA (*with spirit*). No, it ain't ——

(*BOGGS enters, much embarrassed to interrupt what seems to be a personal interview.*)

BOGGS. Hexcuse me, Miss, Hi 'opes as 'ow Hi 'aven't hintruded.

ELIZA. Not at all, Mr. Boggs; don't go. Sally was just sayin' as you came in, it warn't no disgrace for a man to buttle—so long as he's honest about it.

BOGGS (*without a smile*). Many a butler 'as a noble 'art for hall 'e's a serving man.

SALLY (*taking his limp hand*). Oh, please tell that to Father, Mr. Boggs; I'm sure he would believe you.

(*Rushes from the room, leaving ELIZA and BOGGS facing each other.*)

ELIZA. Poor girl, she is dreadful upset. Arthur, that young upstart, has just asked her to marry him. (BOGGS *starts*.) And Mr. Baxter took on something terrible. I don't know as I blame him much neither.

BOGGS (*reverently*). Love his a very hupsetting thing, Heliza. (*Looks languishingly at her.*)

ELIZA. It is indeed, and I won't have my Sally made miserable if I can help it. (*Begins to cry herself, much to BOGGS' distress.*) You don't know, Mr. Boggs, how I loves that girl.

(*Breaks down completely, and falls into the rocker.*)

BOGGS (*standing beside her and pats her shoulder automatically*). Of course you do, Heliza, of course you do. There—there—don't cry. Don't cry.

ELIZA (*wiping her eyes*). I'm sorry to have you see me cry, Mr. Boggs; but you see I does love every one of this family—just like they was my own.

BOGGS (*his patting becoming more and more vigorous*). Hi knows you do, Heliza; hand no wonder hafter living with them five and twenty years. Hit is a very remarkable family, Heliza, for all they hare so prowincial.

ELIZA (*raising her eyes gratefully to BOGGS*). You have learned to like us all, haven't you, Mr. Boggs?

(*Cheering a little.*)

BOGGS (*sitting on the arm of ELIZA'S chair*). Hi was

never so 'appy hanywhere before, Heliza. To be sure hit his not living with han Hinglish family, Heliza, but hif Hi was has Hi would say for all 'e is so peculiar Mr. Baxter his a gentleman hat 'eart, hand Mrs. Baxter his has fine ha lady has Hi hever worked for, 'ere, hor in dear hold England—hand the work his so heasy, all doing hit so pleasantly together, it leaves a man time for his own reflections. (*Raises his eyes sentimentally.*)

ELIZA. And Arthur is a real nice young man; willing and so pleasant natured. I'm sorry I spoke harsh to him about his work when his heart was aching.

BOGGS. 'E his a perfect gentleman too. Hi saw hit the moment Hi laid me heyes on 'im. 'E 'as 'ad reverses. Hi tries to 'elp 'im hall I can, but 'e's proud, very proud.

ELIZA (*tenderly*). I can't say as I like to see you waitin' on him, Mr. Boggs—a gentleman like you.

BOGGS (*leaning close to ELIZA*). But, my dear Heliza. (*Puts his arm about her and they rock back and forth in an ecstasy of feeling.*) But my dear Heliza.

ELIZA (*suddenly realizing what is happening*). Don't be dearing me, Mr. Boggs. I may be a working woman, but I'm perfectly respectable.

BOGGS. But my hintentions are perfectly 'onorable, Heliza. Hi am greatly hattached to you, hindeed Hi am, Heliza.

ELIZA. What business have you to be attached to me, Mr. Boggs? Take one of your own folks to be makin' eyes at. You should be noticin' Sally.

BOGGS. What would a man like me be doing with a girl like Miss Sally? Hit's you Hi'm loving, Heliza ——

(*Puts his arm around her and they swing back and forth looking up in each other's eyes.*)

ELIZA. Well, if this ain't ——

BOGGS (*still rocking back and forth*). Heliza, Hi would like you to marry me—that is when Hi leaves this 'ouse. (*Sound of footsteps.*) Hush, there's some one coming. Hit's Mrs. Baxter.

ELIZA. It's Miss Baxter. Don't let her see you makin' up to me ——

(MRS. BAXTER comes in greatly disturbed and ELIZA starts for the kitchen. BOGGS busies himself about the table.)

MRS. BAXTER (*seeing BOGGS' efforts, touches his arm in friendly manner*). Oh, Mr. Boggs, you are doin' too much; you've been on your feet all day. Do sit down and rest yourself before the company comes. I'm so glad to have this chance to have you meet some of our Appleby friends. (*Notices table.*) My, don't the table look handsome? (*Smells flowers.*) And Jennie's flowers add a lot, don't they? (*Notices BOGGS' trembling figure.*) Why, Mr. Boggs, what is the matter? You're shakin' like an aspen leaf. Has anything happened since I went out to trouble you?

BOGGS. Not exactly, Madam, but——

MRS. BAXTER (*pushing him into the rocking-chair*). You must be sick, Mr. Boggs. Dear, dear! There now. (*Pats his head tenderly.*) I knew you was overworking. Is your head comfortable? I can bathe it with a little Pond's Extract.

BOGGS (*trying to rise*). Hi'm much too comfortable for my peace of mind, Madam. My 'eart is beating so Hi can 'ardly talk as Hi would like to.

MRS. BAXTER (*stroking his head, and holding him in the chair*). Calm yourself. Don't try to talk till you're rested.

BOGGS. But Hi must explain. Hit his like this, Madam, Hi wishes to marry Eliza——

MRS. BAXTER (*amazed*). Eliza—Eliza Cope? You wishes to marry Eliza? Well, if that don't beat all.

BOGGS. Hi knows as 'ow she isn't young, Madam, but she is good, very good, and kind, hand faithful. She would make any man's 'ome a pleasant place to grow old in, and she tells me she 'as a nice dot of 'er own.

MRS. BAXTER. A what?

BOGGS. A dot—a nice bit of money laid away, Madam.

MRS. BAXTER. Eliza is a very respectable woman, but she is not the wife for a man like you to choose, Mr. Boggs.

BOGGS (*his courage rising with opposition*). There

his no accounting for love, Madam; hit comes to rich hand poor alike. Hand Hi 'ave reason to know Heliza loves me, though she 'as never hadmitted hit to me, Madam.

(Sounds from outside.)

MR. BAXTER *(coming from the kitchen)*. Mother! Mother! Where are you, Mother?

MRS. BAXTER *(greatly disturbed)*. There's Mr. Baxter. I must see him alone. What you have just said is very upsetting to my nerves.

(BOGGS goes out, passing MR. BAXTER on the way. SAMMY and MARY ANNE bounce in from school with their wraps and books.)

SAMMY *(coming close to the table)*. Gee whiz, Mary Anne, see the good eats!

MARY ANNE *(following close at his heels)*. Can we have thome of those candies if the company don't eat them all up?

MRS. BAXTER *(nervously)*. Yes, yes, of course; only run along and get your clothes changed. Tell Liza to button your dress up, Mary Anne. *(Bustles them off stage, and turns to MR. BAXTER.)* Hiram, where's Jen? Didn't she come?

MR. BAXTER. I sent Arthur to git her—why, what's the matter, Sophy?

MRS. BAXTER. Something dreadful has happened——

MR. BAXTER. Has Sally told yer?

MRS. BAXTER. What's she bin up to?

MR. BAXTER. She and Arthur is keepin' company.

MRS. BAXTER *(falls into chair)*. For pity sakes, if that don't beat all; things is terribly mixed up, Hiram. Eliza and Mr. Boggs is keepin' company too. Whatever did Jen send them two men up here to pester the life out of us for?

MR. BAXTER. We can soon set Arthur about his business. But a Lord should have more sense than to be makin' up to the help.

MRS. BAXTER *(rising, her nerves soothed)*. Well, we

haven't time to be talkin' about it; the company'll be comin' in a minute, and Jen too. (*Goes to the kitchen door, opens it and finds SAMMY BAXTER eavesdropping.*) Sammy Baxter, you've been listenin'! Shame on yer. Come right along with me.

(*Marches SAMMY right out of the room, he following her. JENNIE comes into the room, falls into her father's arms.*)

MR. BAXTER. Why, Jennie dearie; glad to see yer.

(*Embraces her.*)

JENNIE (*looking about the room*). Where's Mother? (*MRS. BAXTER enters, and she and JENNIE enter into a long embrace, coming toward front of stage.*) Why, Mother, what's the matter? What can have happened? You seem all nerved up.

MRS. BAXTER (*throwing herself into JENNIE'S arms again*). Oh, Jen, I never was so glad to see any one in all my life. (*Emotional scene.*)

MR. BAXTER. She's all of a flutter, because the butler you sent up here is wantin' to marry our Sally; and the Lord is makin' up to Eliza.

JENNIE. What do you mean, Father?

MRS. BAXTER. It's true, we're all topsy turvy, and the worst of it is we like the butler the best. He's such a nice respectable young man.

JENNIE. Young man! Why, he's sixty if he's a day.

MRS. BAXTER. Sixty—why, he's a slip of a boy—and so handsome—you must be mistaken, Jen. Your mind's wanderin'—(*Feels JENNIE'S brow, but she pushes her arm away.*) too much studyin', dearie. Stay home a spell, and rest your poor brain.

JENNIE (*impatiently*). Don't be foolish, Mother—the butler I sent up here is sixty years old, with gray hair and whiskers.

(*SALLY enters, and the two sisters embrace, turning themselves so that JENNIE is next MRS. BAXTER.*)

MRS. BAXTER. Sally—Jen says the butler she sent up here was sixty years old. Some one of us must be crazy.

SALLY. Why, Jennie, he isn't over twenty-six,—and so good-looking. (*Embraces her again.*) Oh, I am so glad you have come; now everything will be straightened out at last.

(LORD ARTHUR *enters, more charming than ever, and walks over to JENNIE, who turns him around for inspection, bringing him beside SALLY.*)

JENNIE. Now let me have a good look at you, Arthur. Yes, you do look better. Mother has taken good care of you. I knew she would. (*Surprise on faces.*)

MRS. BAXTER. Taken care of him! Why, he's waited on us all, especially Mr. Boggs.

JENNIE (*puzzled*). Taken care of you?

MR. BAXTER. Didn't you send him up here to buttle us?

SALLY. Why, Jen, he's done most of the work of this house!

JENNIE (*horrified*). Done the work of this house! Don't you know that is Lord Arthur Butler?

ALL (*together*). Lord Arthur Butler?

JENNIE. Of course. Why not?

MRS. BAXTER. Then, for pity sake, who is the other man?

JENNIE. A butler, to take care of Lord Arthur.

MR. BAXTER (*addressing LORD ARTHUR*). But aren't you a butler? You certainly had it on your callin' card.

LORD A. (*thoroughly amused by it all*). I surely did, Mr. Baxter. That's my name, Arthur Butler.

MR. BAXTER. Well, I snum; think how we've treated the poor fellar.

MRS. BAXTER (*thoroughly miserable*). I asked him to clear off the table before he'd been in the house an hour.

SALLY. And Eliza made him wear an apron. Oh, Jennie, you should have seen how funny he looked in it.

MRS. BAXTER. And Father called him "My Good Man."

MR. BAXTER (*laughing*). And he blacked our boots and pressed my pants.

LORD A. Boggs knew enough not to let me press his trousers.

MRS. BAXTER. And he came for rest and change.

LORD A. And I have had both. In fact, I am quite ready to go back to my own regular work now.

MRS. BAXTER. You'll do nothin' of the kind. I'm goin' to keep you right here, and pet you most to death, so there!

(*Enter ELIZA and BOGGS. They are carrying a birthday cake. ELIZA is dressed in a black dress with white collars and cuffs, and a bow of white on her head.*)

JENNIE (*embracing ELIZA*). Why, Eliza, how well and happy you look.

ELIZA (*looking up coyly at BOGGS*). Why wouldn't I be?

JENNIE. How do you do, Boggs?

BOGGS. Thank you, Miss. Hi ham very glad you 'ave come, Miss.

JENNIE. It's just about time, judging from all I hear.

BOGGS (*standing with arms at side*). Hi 'ave tried to do my best, Miss, but Mrs. Baxter would not allow me to wait on 'er at hall.

MRS. BAXTER (*to BOGGS*). My daughter tells me you aren't a Lord after all.

BOGGS (*horrified*). Certainly not, Madam. Hi'm only an 'umble serving man.

MRS. BAXTER (*softening*). But a very nice one, I must say.

BOGGS. Thank you, Madam. (*Turns to JENNIE.*) And might Hi say, Miss, has long as you 'ave come, might Hi 'and hin my notice? I can leave in the mornin'—coming back later to marry Heliza.

JENNIE (*turning to ELIZA, who is simpering, and looking up at BOGGS*). To marry Eliza, at her time of life—is this true, Eliza?

ELIZA (*pushing BOGGS forward to front of stage*).

Mr. Boggs has been real kind, and wishes me to marry him, so we've fixed it up kinder satisfactory like to both of us; and after the weddin' we'll come back and live with Miss Baxter as long as she needs us.

LORD A. (*taking SALLY by the hand*). And the most wonderful thing of all is—Sally loves me, and has promised to be my wife.

SALLY. And isn't it romantic!

(*Door bursts open and SAMMY and MARY ANNE appear dressed for the party.*)

SAMMY. Hully gee, Ma! The company's comin', and none of you are dressed for the birthday party.

ELIZA (*taking BOGGS' arm and looking up into his face*). I guess some of us is more interested in weddin's than we are in birthday parties, isn't that so, Mr. Boggs?

CURTAIN

SEASON 1922

A BUNCH OF FUN

A Farce in Three Acts.

By Erastus Osgood

Five males, nine females. A simple interior scene throughout. Modern costumes. The plot of this farce crackles with fun as though charged with laughter and smiles. Vera, the baseball girl, makes a "hit" in more ways than one. Sylvia, the dancing girl, steps right into the hilarity with a whirl. Nina, the stage aspirant, gives a new twist to Shakespeare, and Cecily, the Mandolin girl, would lure a smile from a Sphinx. These four girls are the "Bunch." Tacks, the football star, tackles love from a new angle. Ray was a born Romeo, but misfires. Lynn plays the clown to every one's delight, and if Murray hadn't written the sketch, lots of things would not have happened. Mrs. Selma Blair tries to break up the fun, but "nothing doing." Miss Martha is a delightful character. Alice entertains the "bunch" and is well repaid. Dr. and Mrs. Grandon form a charming background for an evening of wholesome amusement. And last, the arch fun-maker, Christina, the Swedish maid. If she knew how funny she was, she wouldn't believe it. She is "stuck on the movies" but Ray declared, "that for pulling funny stunts, Christina has got Charlie Chaplin beaten forty different ways." Free for amateur performance.

Price, 35 cents

CHARACTERS

REV. STEPHEN GRANDON, D. D., *rector of St. Paul's.*

MARY, *his wife, "flustered on occasions."*

MARTHA, *his sister, "a trifle warped."*

CHRISTINA, *a Swedish maid, "stuck on the movies."*

RAYMOND HUNTING, *a live wire.*

VERA MATHERSON, *a baseball fan.*

NINA LEE, *a stage aspirant.*

CECILY MOORLAND, *the mandolin girl.*

SYLVIA STEWART, *the dancing girl.*

LYNN LOCKWOOD, *the man "who takes off his face."*

ALICE HUNTING, *the entertaining girl.*

MURRAY KENT, *a college playwright.*

TACKS MULFORD, *a football star.*

MRS. SELMA BLAIR, *a pest in the parish.*

SCENE

Heatherdale near New York. (The entire action takes place in the living-room at the rectory.)

TIME: Present.

Act I.—"The Bunch" arrives.

Act II.—"The Bunch" in action.

Act III.—"The Bunch" choose partners.

STEP OUT—JACK!

An Optimistic Comedy in Three Acts. By Harry Osborne

A successful vehicle for talented amateurs. Twelve males (can be played with less), five females. Costumes modern. Scenery, three simple interiors. Jack Rysdale is "down and out." All he has in the world are the clothes on his back and the love in his heart for the wealthy and beautiful Zoe Galloway. He dare not ask her to marry him until he has made his way in the world. Zoe loves him, and while the girls in New York do nearly everything else, they do not propose—yet. Jack's fighting spirit is about gone when he meets a man named Wilder, who is a natural fighter and knows how to bring out the fighting qualities in others. From him Jack learns that he has a dangerous rival in Percy Lyons. He learns that if he is going to get anywhere in this world, he can't stand in line and await his turn but must step out and "go get it." He learns more from Wilder in ten minutes than he absorbed in a whole year in college. So, figuratively speaking, he steps out, takes the middle of the road and "gives 'er gas." Once started, nothing can stop him until he has attained his object. Every girl will fall in love with Jack and every man and boy will admire his pluck and courage. Zoe is a matrimonial prize on fourteen different counts, and her chum, Cynthia, a close second. Wilder is a regular man's man who can convince any one who doesn't wear ear muffs that black is white and vice-versa. Then there is Percy Lyons, who never stayed out very late, Clarence Galloway, a rich man's son looking for a job, Buddie the office boy, who is broken-hearted if he misses a ball game, and Bernice Williams, who thinks she is a regular little Home Wrecker but isn't. An artistic and box office success for clever amateurs.

ACT I.—Private Office of R. W. Wilder.

ACT II.—Library—John Galloway's Home.

ACT III.—Rysdale's office.

TIME: The present.

PLACE: New York City.

Time of playing: Approximately two hours.

Price, 50 cents.....Royalty, \$10.00

THE SHOW ACTRESS

A Comedy in One Act. By J. C. McMullen

Two males, four females. Costumes, country of the present day. Playing time about forty minutes. Scene, dining-room of the Martin Homestead, Hillville, Vt. A burlesque troupe is stranded in the little village of Hillville. Goldie, the star, is taken in by the Martins. Her adventures with the cow at milking time, and with the domestic cook-stove are a scream. She eventually restores the Martins' lost daughter, captures the thief robbing the village bank and marries Zek'l, the bashful village constable. Full of action. All parts good, Goldie the lead, and Zek'l, the bashful lover, being particularly effective.

Price, 25 cents.

GOOD-EVENING, CLARICE

A Farce Comedy in Three Acts.

By J. C. McMullen

Five males, six females. Playing time, approximately two hours. Costumes of the present day. Scene—a single interior. Annette Franklin, a jealous wife, has been raising a little domestic war over her husband's supposed infatuation for a noted dancer, Clarice de Mauree. How Annette was proven wrong in her supposition, cured of her jealousy, and found her long lost parents, makes a comedy, which, while easy of production, proves very effective in the presentation. The part of Clarice, the dancer, gives the opportunity for an excellent female character lead. All of the other parts are of equal importance and the situations fairly radiate comedy and swift moving action. This new play has already made its public début in manuscript form, having been used with great success on the Pacific coast. Royalty, \$10.00 for the first and \$5.00 for each subsequent performance by the same cast. Professional rates will be quoted on request.

SCENES

ACT I.—Living-room of the Franklin residence, Buffalo, N. Y., 7:15 P. M.

ACT II.—The same, 8:15 P. M.

ACT III.—The same, 9:00 P. M.

Price, 50 cents.

HIS UNCLE'S NIECE

A Rollicking Farce in Three Acts.

By Raymond W. Sargent

Six males, three females. Scenery not difficult. The plot of this hilarious farce centres around a letter received by Francis Felton from his Uncle Simon of Happy Valley Junction, who has always supposed that Francis was of the opposite sex. The letter announces that the uncle has selected a husband for his niece and that they are both on the way to New York to make final arrangements for the wedding. In desperation, to keep up a deception started years before by his parents, Francis assumes a female character rôle in order to carry out a provision whereby he is to receive a million dollar bequest from his uncle. The explanations made necessary through this change are amusing and realistic. The dénouement is a surprise and one that will lift the audience to its feet with applause. You have seen Charley's Aunt on the professional stage, and here is a chance for amateurs to act in a play that is even better suited to their requirements.

CHARACTERS

SCENES

ACT I.—Interior of Francis Felton's and Richard Tate's bachelor establishment at Boston.

ACT II.—Same as Act I. Afternoon of the same day.

ACT III.—Exterior of Uncle Simon's summer home at Happy Valley Junction. Evening; three days later.

TIME: Midsummer.

Time of playing: Approximately two hours.

Price, 35 cents.

SUNSHINE

A Comedy in Three Acts.

By *Walter Ben Hare*

Four males, seven females. Scene, one simple exterior, easily arranged with a small lot of potted plants and rustic furniture. This charming play was really written to order, to satisfy an ever growing demand for a comedy that could be used either as a straight play or as a musical comedy. The author has arranged a happy and realistic blend of the two types of entertainment, and the catchy tunes which he has suggested should find favor in the amateur field. The story leads the audience a merry chase from snappy farce to real drama (with just a flavoring of the melodramatic) which modern audiences find so pleasing. Here we find a great character part in a popular baseball hero, who succeeds in making a home run in more ways than one, a wonderful leading lady rôle in the part of Mary; a hypochondriac, who finds his medicine most pleasant to the taste; an old maid who mourns the loss of her parrot, and a Sis Hopkins type of girl with the exuberance of spirit that keeps the audience on its mettle. The Major is a character of great possibilities and in the hands of a capable actor much can be made of it. Sunshine is the sort of play that will live for years, as its very atmosphere is permeated with good will toward the world at large. We cannot too highly recommend this play, written by an author with scores of successes behind him and not a single failure. Royalty \$10.00 for the first performance and \$5.00 for each subsequent performance given by the same cast.

Price, 50 cents.

CHARACTERS

MAUDELIA McCANN, *aged ten.*

MRS. BUNCH McCANN, *of Detroit, the mother.*

MRS. SOL WHIPPLE, *of Whipple's Corners, Conn., the country lady.*

MISS TESSIE MITFORD, *the mental case.*

MR. JUBA K. BUTTERNIP, *of Peoria, Ill., the old man.*

MISS GREGORY, *the nurse.*

BUDDY BRADY, *of New York, the ball player.*

MAJOR KELLICOTT, *the speculator.*

JIM ANTHONY, *he's engaged.*

SYLVIA DEANE, *she's engaged.*

MARY, *"Sunshine."*

BOYS AND GIRLS.

SCENE: The lawn at Sunshine Sanitarium, near New York City.

ACT I.—Morning.

ACT II.—Afternoon.

ACT III.—Night.

Time of playing: Two hours.

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